

# JUDGE



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By H. Hirschauer.



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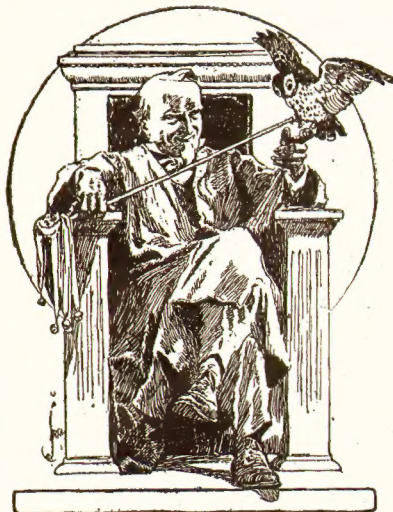
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## JUDGE AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS' NUMBER

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### Press Humorists.

THE EIGHTH annual convention of the American Press Humorists' Association will be held this year at Montreal, the first week in August. According to no less an authority than Newton Newkirk, the vice-president of the association, a convention of press humorists is more like what you would think an undertakers' convention to be.

"But 'there's a reason,'" to quote Mr. Newkirk. "The reason is that trying to be funny day after day is serious business—the constant effort of trying to be a humorist at times approaches tragedy. If you think it is one best bet that the fellows who make you laugh are a bunch of tittering, giggling, chortling, open-faced, roistering, rollicking wags, you would lose your money. If you think that when they get together they spring jokes on each other and shed wit like the sparks from an emery wheel, you are due to get an awful setback."

But self-protection compels us to say that the press humorists are a pretty decent lot of fellows. Most of them are on their vacations, so that it is little wonder that they want to get away from shop talk.



### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Kind Old Gent—"What do you call your goat, my young man?"  
Boy—"Oh! I call him Teddy Roosevelt."  
Kind Old Gent—"And why?"  
Boy—"Cause you don't know whether he's gonna run er not."

Caroni Bitters—Its aroma—flavor—will convince you it is the best.  
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Old

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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



## Bulletin.

### ALL-STEEL SLEEPING CARS

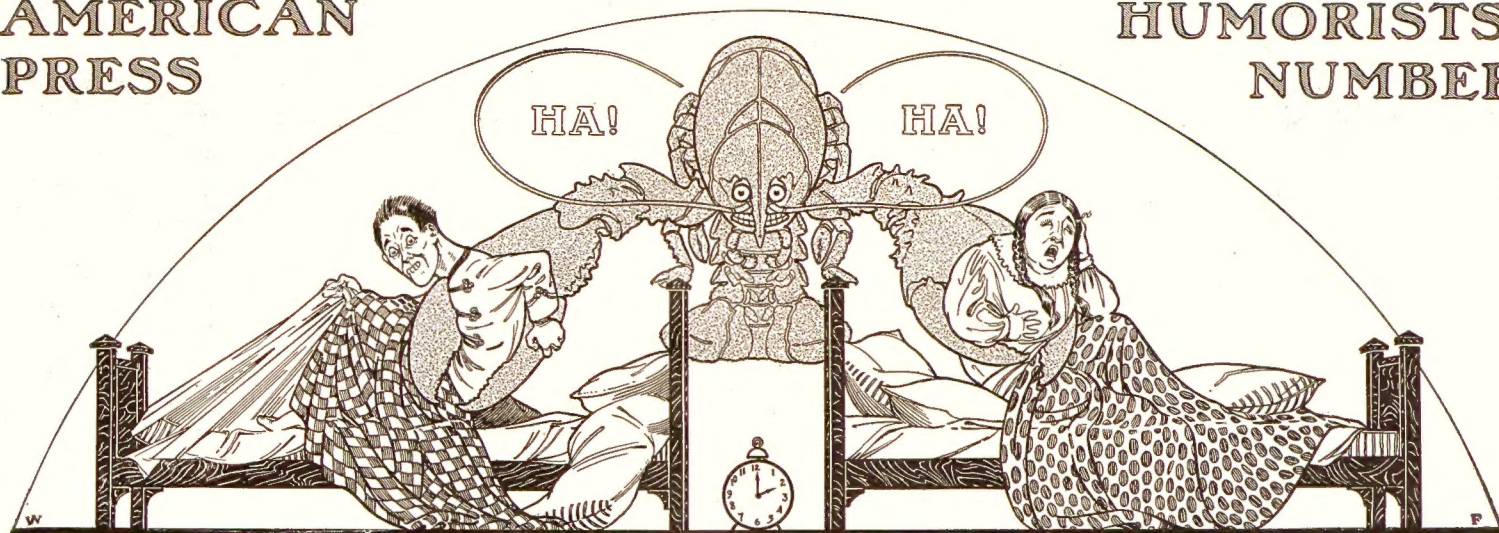
There are one hundred all-steel, electric-lighted Pullman sleeping cars in active service on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

These "Dreadnaught" cars—fire-proof and break-proof—are running on the through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, St. Louis, Nashville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington.

Six hundred all-steel Pullman cars have been ordered by the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and they are being delivered and placed in service at the rate of sixty cars a month.

"Dreadnaught" cars are fifty per cent. heavier and over sixty per cent. more expensive than wooden cars, but the Pennsylvania Railroad considers the increase in expense fully justified by the increase in the safety and comfort of its passengers.

Including coaches, dining cars, baggage and postal cars, there are 704 steel cars in service at present, and this number will be increased to some 2000 in all as fast as the shops can turn them out.



THE REVENGE OF THE DEPARTED LOBSTER.

Jottings from "Jocosities."

By JOE CONE  
(Boston Herald.)

HEN'S TURNOUT.

Hank Stubbs—"Guess Hen Holler got tuck when he traded for that ol' skate he's drivin'."

Bige Miller—"That's what! Never knowed Hen yit to drive a good bargain."

A NEW TYPE.

Patient—"Doctor, I know I'm not going to get well, but I want to pay you your bill before I go."

Doctor—"Well, you're dead easy!"

"It's a good idee to be right on your job nowadays, 'cuz ef you ain't somebody else will be."

A QUICK LUNCH

Enter,  
Set.  
Napkin?  
Wet.  
Order:  
Mush;  
Gobble,  
Rush!  
Water,  
Pie;  
Exit—  
Fly!

STUDYING THE STARS.

If the country in general knew as much about astronomy as it does about the baseball stars the heavens would have very few secrets to call their own.



JOE CONE,  
Who writes the "Jocosities" of the Boston Herald.

THE FISHERMAN'S JOY.

THE FISH that bites  
And gets away  
May bite your hook  
Another day.  
At any rate,  
He thus supplies  
The chance to tell  
Some corking lies.

BE AN EARLY BIRD.

Early to bed  
And early to rise  
Oft saves the need  
Of telling lies.

"The man who is tryin' with all his might to look into the future is jest a-hurtin' his eyesight fur the presunt."

"People who never look fur anything worth while are, ez a rule, mighty good at findin' fault."

"Does he go out between every act?"

"No; just merely comes in between every drink."

Artist (proudly) — "I am taking this view from nature."

Spectator—"I don't believe nature will miss anything."

Game warden — "This deer was found dead on your premises, and yet you deny that you killed it?"

Farmer — "Wa-al, it happened like this: My wife was throwin' a stun at the hens, an' some way the deer, which was feedin' roun' back o' the barn, got hit."



ONE "WAIT" HE DIDN'T GUESS.

Uncle Jonas Jukes—"Thet thar fellah kin guess my wait, eh? Wa-al, now I 'll jest bet him all th' money he ever seed thet he can't! Samantha told me t' wait 'round here till she bought some souvenir pust cards; so if he kin guess thet 's what I 'm waitin' fer, he 's nuthin' short ov marv'lous."

JANITORESQUE.

Janitor—"Who was dat whistlin' down de tube?"

Helper—"Woman on de third floor front wants some steam."

Janitor—"Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit de hammer."

OUTING NOTE.

O, vacation, what errors are committed in thy name.

MUSINGS OF THE OFFICE BOY.

Love also makes the world back up.

One ice-cream soda always leads up to another.

The feller who don't sweat over his job ain't workin'.

I didn't lose anything on the fight except my reputation as a prophet.

It's hot enough anyway, but it's a good deal hotter when you let yourself think so.

Ain't it funny how ev'rybody wants to be around durin' the rush hour?

Seems to me the trouble with most people who want to make money is that they want to make too much at one time.

All through the winter I had aspirations to be a fireman, but this summer I think I'd like to be a watchman in a cold storage place.



GOING UP.

A car that will give the proper dignity to kings of finance, also help solve the problem of overcrowded streets.

## JUDGE

### "Alternating Currents."

By S. E. KISER.  
(Chicago Record-Herald.)

#### THE TEST OF HIS LOVE.

"TELL me," he pleaded, "what I can do to win your love. There is no danger that is too great, no task that I will not undertake to make you mine."  
"Get me the tail of Halley's comet to put on my hat."

#### A CHARGE FOR EXTRA SERVICE.

The proprietor of a restaurant a few days ago entered one of the clothing houses where a specialty is made of suits for boys and angrily inquired for the proprietor. When that gentleman appeared, the restaurant man held out a bill, asking in tones that were fuzzy with hoar frost,  
"Will you kindly explain this little matter?"  
"What's the trouble? It is a bill for six-

got my bill I found that I had to pay extra for passing over to her part of the meat I had ordered for myself."

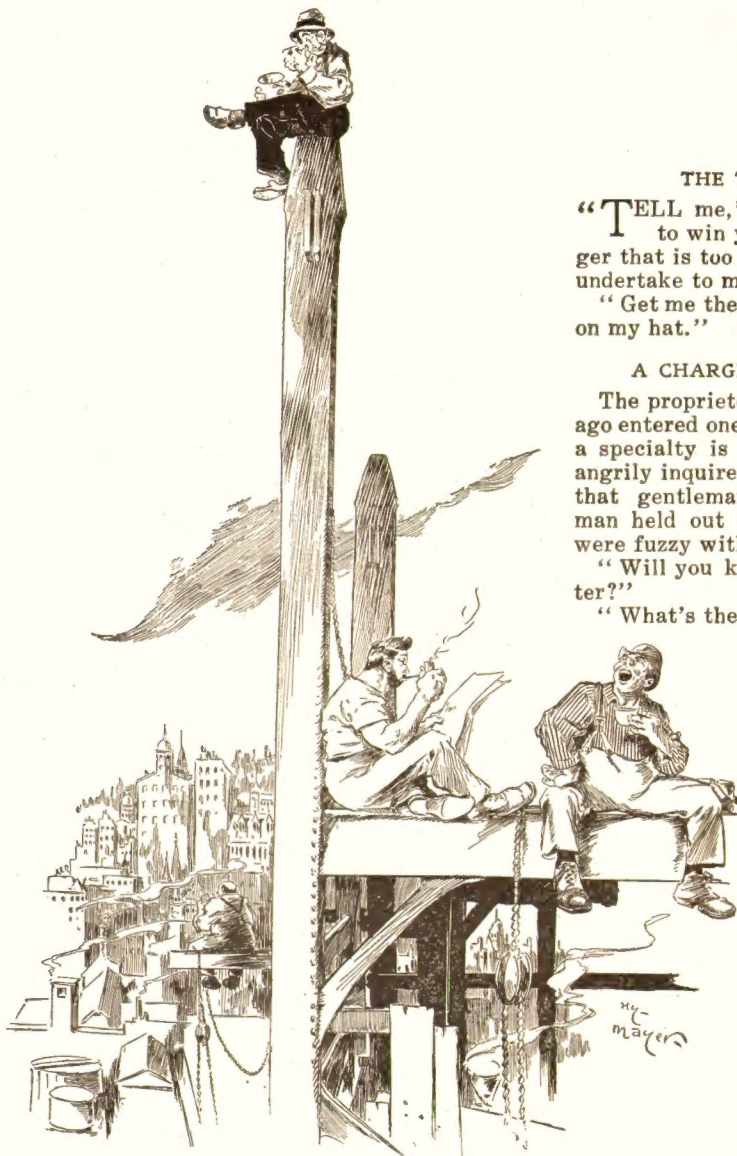
"What has that to do with this bill?"

"I was out past your house the other day and saw your two boys playing in the yard. One of them was wearing the coat and vest which you had bought here, while the other had on the trousers. We will have to charge you for extra service."

The restaurant man



S. E. KISER.  
Who sends daily "Alternating Currents" through a column of the Chicago Record-Herald.



"SAFE AND SANE."

"Mike, why don't you come down here and eat your dinner with the bunch?"  
"Naw; I'd get dizzy down there."

#### HIS CHARACTER.

"Can you," he asked, "read one's character in one's palm?"

"Yes," replied the young lady in the fortune-telling booth. "Will you let me look at your hand?"

"I'd like about seventy-five cents' worth."

"I'm sorry," she said, after studying his palm for a moment, "but I can't give you that much. I can only find about fifteen cents' worth."

teen dollars. You bought a suit of clothes here, didn't you?"

"I did. The price was twelve dollars. How does it happen that I get a bill for four dollars more? What kind of bookkeeping do you have done here?"

"Our bookkeeping is first class. Not very long ago I went with my wife to your restaurant for luncheon. The lady was not hungry and didn't care to order anything more than a cup of tea, so I gave her part of the meat which was brought to me. When I

insists that the worst fool in Chicago is the proprietor of a certain clothing store.

#### IT PAYS.

When the dimpled baby's hungry, what does the baby do?

It doesn't lie serenely and merely sweetly coo;

The hungry baby bellows with all its little might,

Till some one gives it something to curb its appetite.

The infant with the bottle which stills its fretful cries

A lesson plainly teaches: It pays to advertise.

The lamb lost on the hillside, when darkness closes round,  
Stands not in silence trembling and waiting to be found;

Its plaintive bleating echoes across the vales and meads,  
Until the shepherd hears it and, hearing, kindly heeds.

And when its fears are ended, as on his breast it lies,  
The lamb has made this patent: It pays to advertise.

The fair and gentle maiden who loves the bashful boy

Assumes, when in his presence, a manner that is coy;

She blushes and she trembles, till he perceives at last

And clasps her closely to him and gladly holds her fast.

And as he bends to kiss her and she serenely sighs,

This fact is demonstrated: It pays to advertise.



A DUSTY EXCUSE.

Storekeeper—"Put on your hat and clear out. I don't want a boy who gets here after I have swept out the store."  
Boy—"Well, you raised such a dust I couldn't find my way to the store."

## A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a mottled, textured grey.

NEWTON NEWKIRK,  
Who edits *Bingeville Bugle*—a paper within  
a paper—and contrib-  
utes the "All Sorts" col-  
umn of the *Boston Post*.

Newton Newkirk,  
Boston:

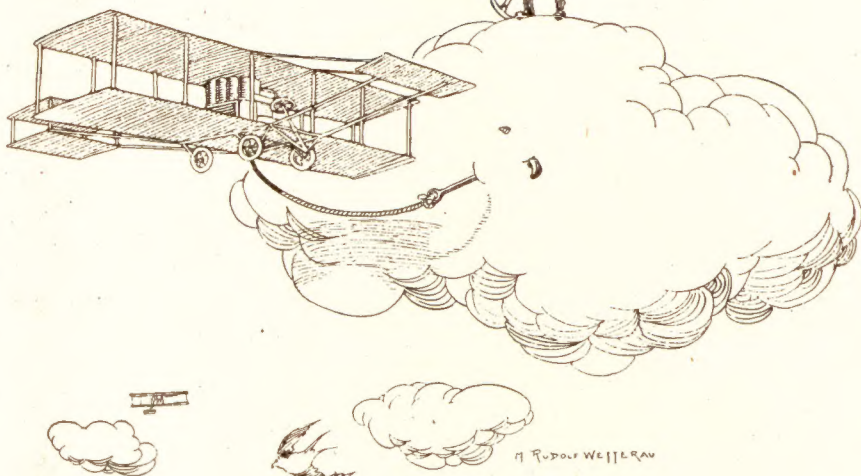
How I Wrote It." This symposium will not be complete without a contribution of some sort from you, and we respectfully request that you favor us with a three-hundred-word paragraph on this subject, accompanied by a photograph of yourself for publication.

Payment will be made at the rate of a cent a word. Very truly yours,  
— — —, Publisher.

It is extremely gratifying to receive such a letter as the above, evidence showing conclusively that my name has penetrated the great West as far as —, although I never have remembered having disembarked from a train either there or at Buffalo. This letter only goes to show that if a man conducts

NOTE—The following remarks are for the above publisher alone, and are to be regarded as strictly private and confidential.

When I set out to write out my best joke, I become seated at my roller-top desk. There are half a dozen beautiful white sheets lying on the desk before me. The first step



"And everybody said the clouds had a silver lining."

in writing my best joke is to fill my fountain pen by means of a medicine dropper. In doing this I usually ink my hands up as far as my elbows. Next I fill my pipe and light it. Then I rest my left elbow lightly, even jauntily, on the desk and lay my tired head on my left hand. Then I seize the fountain pen firmly in my right hand, grip my feet tightly about the legs of my chair, take a half-Nelson hold on my luxuriant tresses with the fingers of my left hand, and, with four blotters handy and pen point poised above the white paper, I am now ready to write my best joke. Thus I sit patiently like a spider in his lair, waiting for a mirthful idea to come skipping along, so that I may stab it in the vitals with my fountain pen and transfix it quivering on the white paper, while a death rattle chuckles in its throat.

In this attitude I wait, and wait—then wait some more. My best joke has always been somewhat dilatory in keeping its appointment with me. After I sit there in this position pulling my hair until I can scarcely keep from crying for help, with the fountain pen poised over the white paper—I say, after I sit there until I am threatened with writer's cramp, bedsores from the chair, and paralysis of the block, I often get up and pace the floor (time, 2:38½) and go out and saunter around the boundaries of the ward. Then I return to my office, much amazed to find that my best joke has not called while I am out and is therefore not on my desk on my return. Usually I wind up by going back to the relics of ancient humor and pick out from among the fifty-seven varieties one of the old favorites. Taking this old patriarch joke in hand, I give it a shave, a hair-cut, and a bath, dress it up in a modern costume, stick a cigarette in its mouth, and send it up to the printer for publication the morning following. If it is a female joke I put a Chantecler hat on it.

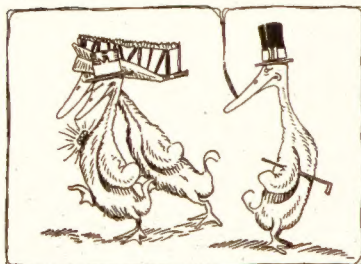
Briefly, Mr. —, Pegasus is not much of a saddle horse from my standpoint. I don't mind telling you that Pegasus is one of the meanest and most treacherous bucking broncos I ever tried to ride. If I am in a hurry I never try to ride old Peg—I can arrive there sooner by walking.

I regret that I have not on hand  
at this time a good photograph



## THE MODERN TEST.

"Would you like a fine family cow?"  
 "That thing? She can't give more than four quarts."  
 "'Tain't the milk. She'll git right in front of an auto, an' she's good for two hundred dollars damages a season to any family."



1. "Thrown down for a diamond, eh? Well, it's up to me to do something.—"



2. — Here's where I make that diamond look like a kindergarten. —



3. — Not a bad idea, my hiring this firefly for a few hours, eh?"

of myself, which is the photographer's fault, not mine. I have some photographs which I had taken not long ago, but they don't resemble me much more than a scarecrow does. Were you to see one of these photographs in your hand and compare it with me standing up before you, if you had a spark of manhood left you would lose your temper and tell me I had a good case for libel against the photographer. These photographs I refer to were taken on a cloudy day, and as a result I look like old Rain-in-the-Face, I look like some of those patent-medicine advertisement pictures you see in the newspapers of a man "before taking" or "after taking too much." Frankly I would not care to have one of these photographs reproduced in your valuable magazine, because I feel it would do me more harm than good.

Permit me to congratulate you on your three-hundred-thousand circulation, which is easy to write and looks well



"SHOO FLY!"

in print. You are perhaps not aware that I also am the editor of a publication known as the *Bingeville Bugle*. The *Bingeville Bugle* cannot boast of as great a circulation as —, yet I am glad that the circulation of the *Bugle* is as large as it is. Just at present we have a hundred and thirty-seven bona-fide subscribers, with two more in sight, which I expect to land during the current year, unless they should die or move away from this neighborhood. When I get a clew to a *Bugle* subscriber I never give up until the subscriber does.

With reference to the payment of this article, I wish you would kindly count the number of words and figure what is coming to me at the rate of one cent per word, as per your letter. After you have done this, please devote the entire amount to the founding of a hospital for the care of the aged, indigent, and incurable jokes.

### "Plain Deals."

By W. R. ROSE.  
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)  
CHANGING SIDES.

WHEN summer heat can't be defied  
And scorching zephyrs raid,  
The man who loves life's sunny side  
Will now prefer the shade.

#### WHY?

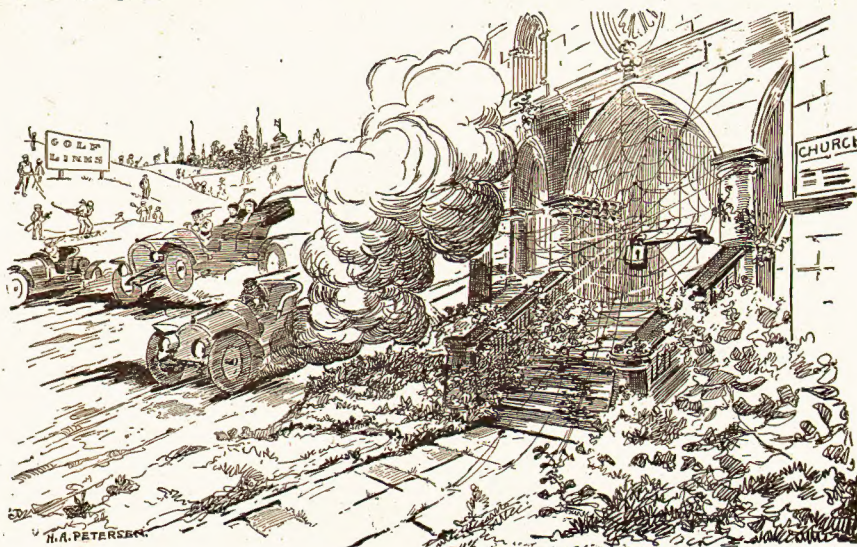
An esteemed exchange begins an editorial on the Reno brutality as follows: "After all is said and done" —

Then why say more?

#### ONE REGRET.

The survivor of Thermopylae was describing the immortal defense.

## JUDGE



ANY SUNDAY MORNING, 1910.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"There was only one thing that annoyed us," he said. "And what was that?" inquired the star reporter of the *Daily Peloponnesian*.

"The pass was so narrow," replied the hero, "that the moving-picture machine couldn't be operated to advantage."

#### UNLUCKY FERGUSON.

"We are going to have a heavy shower before night." "What makes you think so?"

"It invariably rains after my neighbors sprinkle their lawns. Last week my neighbor, Ferguson, spent an hour wetting down his grass. He burst the hose in three places, accidentally soaked a summer girl who was sitting on the Kimball porch, and wrecked his new straw hat. Twenty minutes after he had fallen down the outside cellar stairs with the hose reel, a storm came up and a heavy rain fell for half an hour."

### "The Innocent Bystander."

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.  
(Chicago Evening Post.)

COMMON sense doesn't need much grammar to make it plain.

There are about as many women unhappily unmarried as there are unhappily married.

#### THE MAGAZINE COVER MAN.

It used to be the magazines had covers showing pleasant scenes as backgrounds for bewitching girls with rosy cheeks and golden curls.

From January through the year these comely damsels would appear in pictured form upon the page, our rapt attention to engage.

The summer girl, the winter girl, the laughing lass with teeth like pearl, the golfing miss, the coaching maid, the tennis belle were thus displayed.

But now, alas! a change has come and leaves us full of gloom, and glum; the covers of the magazines now bear no more the girly scenes.

Instead of damsels, fair, sublime, to tempt us to invest a dime, Taft's portly figure there we find, or Hughes's wild whiskers in the wind!



DOG DAYS.

"Whim Whams."

By EDWIN AUSTIN OLIVER.  
(Yonkers Statesman.)

The Chauffeur.

A RUBBER mask adorns his nose,  
Large goggles hide his eyes,  
Two wing-like things are on his ears  
As down the street he flies.  
A rubber coat enwraps his form,  
Great gloves his two hands fill,  
A rakish hat is on his head—  
In fact, he's "dressed to kill."

Not So Dry.

Redd—"He's going to give a bachelor dinner out under the sky."  
Greene—"But suppose it rains before they've finished?"  
Redd—"Oh, they may all be under the table by that time!"

He was the bridegroom and he was waiting at the church.

"I can't imagine why my bride is late," he said.

"Well, you will," replied the best man, "after you're married. They are hooking her dress up the back!"

Church—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are."

Gotham—"Well, I eat hash at Mixum's restaurant."

Church—"Then you're a fool!"

"There are two times in a girl's life when she should be weaned from the bottle," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "the second time is when it is cold and costs four dollars."

Patience—"Do you enjoy going to the theater?"

Patrice—"No, I can't say that I do; the cars are so frightfully crowded, don't you know? But I always enjoy it after I get there."

"The lighted candles in a girl's birthday cake," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "do not always throw light on the girl's age."

Bacon—"And you say he is kind to animals."

Egbert—"Yes."

Bacon—"Why?"

Egbert—"Whenever his wife commences to sing, he always puts the dog out off the room."

He threw his small clock at a cat;

He missed it, you can bet!

The clock it stopped at half-past three—

The cat is going yet.

Not Then.

Bacon—"I see a patent has been granted for an attachment to rocking chairs to operate a fan to cool the occupants."

Egbert—"And when a man goes into the dark room and stubs his toe against that rocker, we do not think the new attachment will cool him off any."

Bill—"Their engagement is broken off."

Jill—"For what reason?"

Bill—"Why, he told her one night that when he was at his work her face was ever before him."

Jill—"Well?"

Bill—"Why, he's a cartoonist!"

"Do you have any trouble supporting your family, Sambo?"

"No, indeedy! Why, boss, I's got one of de best wives in dis 'ere town."

Patience—"Do you enjoy riding in an automobile?"

Patrice—"No, I can't say that I do."

You can't tell half of the time whether you are sitting on the cushions or in the lap of the man next to you."

Patience—"I suppose that is discouraging. You generally want to know for sure when you're in a man's lap, don't you, dear?"

Yeast—"Is he a thoughtful man?"

Crimsonbeak—"Oh, very. Why, I never knew him to scratch a match in the wrong place when he had on his Sunday trousers."

"Is a cord of wood much, pop?"

"Well, my son, it all depends on whether you are burning it or chopping it."



DONE AGAIN.

Farmer Sleepypay—"Drat it! since them aeroplanes hev got comin' this way I can't git no weedin' done."

Mrs. Bacon—"Do you hear Matilda singing at her work?"

Mr. Bacon—"Yes; and I hope to gracious she'll do the work better than she's doing the singing."

"You called those men playing on the street a band, pop."

"Yes, my son."

"They're not a band."

"Why, yes, my boy."

"What is a band, pop?"

"Why, it's a number of men who play together."

"Well, pop, I'm sure no two of those men were playing together."

Teacher—"You may tell me what a dromedary is, Tommy."

Tommy—"A dromedary, ma'am, is a two-masted camel."

Bill—"Do you remember that ten dollars I loaned you a year ago?"

Jill—"Yes, I recall it now."

Bill—"I wish to gracious I could!"

Mamma—"Why, Tommy, you look quite pale!"

Tommy—"Yes'm; I've washed my face twice today!"

Yeast—"The preacher won't let us take our umbrellas into church on a wet day."

Crimsonbeak—"Well, he's right. I don't think temptation should be put in a man's way in church."



ONE WAY OF CONTROLLING YOUR CHAUFFEUR.



"COME ON IN, THE



## JUDGE

### "Up in the Air."

By LEONARD H. ROBBINS.  
(Newark News.)

#### ON RAISING CHICKENS.

CHICKEN raising is not a trade, like poing. It is an art, or a virtue; it is art for art's sake, and it is its own reward.

We used to po for a living. Chicken raising has broadened us. We po now for the chicken's living also. The chicken's living costs twice as much as ours. Consequently we write three times as much poetry as of yore.

We raise our chicken in righteous ways and a small yard at the top of a bluff near

in its presence all the race-suicide literature to be had. But in vain.

As Shakespeare would have written, had the thought occurred to him:

She never laid an egg,  
But let starvation, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on our damask cheek; she loafed around,  
And with a lettuce leaf upon her perch,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Kidding our grief.

LATER.  
Newark,  
April 26th.  
Rejoice with us!  
A thief has stolen  
our chicken!

L. H. R.

STILL LATER.  
Newark,  
May 1st.  
Regret to state  
thief brought  
chicken back last  
night. L. H. R.

#### BOOK NOTICE.

"Unpopular Government," by Cyrus K. Prewins, Ph. D.; a careful review of the acts of the Taft administration to date. In this thoughtful work Professor Prewins shows that government cannot be popular when the people leave the work

of running the government to some one else. He is full of compassion for any President who is expected to make his administration popular without assistance from the people.

The author tells of a block in Newark that contains 214 men of voting age, of whom seventy-seven register and eight vote. A poll of the 206 non-voting citizens shows that all of them are dissatisfied with the drift of political affairs. Yet they do not vote, and in many cases feel themselves too good to "mix in politics."

"The man who, by not voting, allows a select few with axes to grind to fill Congress with their servants, has no right to criticise the President for failing to get more out of Congress for the common people," we read. "Government will always be unpopular until voting becomes popular."

The volume is neatly printed on paper of a fine grade and is bound in red cloth. It will make a handsome ornament for the library table of any home or men's club.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S BOUQUET.

A little girl handed the editor a bouquet on his way to work this morning. It was as beautiful a bouquet as could be gathered together out of all the loveliness in Nature's big greenhouse. It was composed as follows:

One wild rose, two petals gone.

Two thimbleberry blossoms, wilted.

One sprig of mountain laurel.

Six daisies, stems very short.  
Six buttercups, ditto.

Eight clusters of red-ripe wild strawberries.

As the editor looks at the bouquet on his desk he pictures the little girl as she stood in the gate this morning, and he wishes that all her days may be as pleasant as this day has been for her daddy.



#### A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Why do you complain of your husband so much?"  
"He's becoming so careless. Why, he joined an athletic club last week and broke one of their best records the first day."

#### A SUSSEX HILL.

The winds blow soft  
across the hill.

Below there  
spreads a world of green,

A world of woods and fields, until  
The purple mountains frame the scene.

The sunset red has tinged the west;  
The shining brooks reflect the glow.

A distant church bell, clear and low,  
Is lulling all the land to rest.



#### SO THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

Monk—"Oh, please, Mister Tiger, don't eat me! I have a wife and six children—besides, I've just taken poison, and it would be such a loss to the community to have you die!"

Irvington. We raise it on hot corn bread bathed in eight-cent milk.

The chicken raises us with false promises. Sometimes in our doubt and despair we think it is raising us on a bluff, too. Certainly it never will lay down anything worth staying in on.

Like the dog, our chicken is a good setter. It sets up nights on its perch planning to beat its board bill. Goodness knows we didn't purpose running an old maids' charitable asylum when we built the chicken house. But the chicken thinks we did, and there we are. What can we do about it? Throw our star boarder on the cold world? The bird would come home to roost as surely as a manuscript.

We have put our chicken through a course of higher education. We have sought to fire its imagination with pictures clipped from the farm journals and pasted on the walls of its dwelling—pictures of industrious hens cackling proudly over pink eggs in the haymow, of maternal Biddies holding down round dozens of promissory notes, of bustling Topsies conducting callow offspring to the wellspring. We have suffered our chicken to mingle in the best poultry circles of the neighborhood, hoping to imbue it with the spirit of emulation. We have read aloud



#### A WARNING.

Mr. Drake—"There, ducky dear, that's what you would have looked like if you had joined the suffragettes—neither one thing nor the other."

Far in the city's toil and strife

Men bear their weight of care alone;  
Fighting for freedom, light, and life,

They feel the struggle all their own.

Here on the silent hill we know

This green old earth is God's earth still,

And His serene and certain will

Broods o'er it, like the sunset glow.



#### THE BOARD JOHNNIE GOT.

Carpenter—"Here, Johnnie, run down to the mill and fetch me up a board to mend this fence with."

## JUDGE

### "Hit or Miss."

By DUNCAN M. SMITH.  
(Chicago Daily News.)



DUNCAN M. SMITH.  
Whose "Hit or Miss"  
column in the Chicago  
Daily News is "a hit."

WHILE little boats  
may hug the shore  
As saucy as you  
please,  
No joy it is, when air-  
ships soar,  
For them to hug the  
trees.

Encouraged by the  
success of the Big  
Smoke at Reno, an Af-  
rican waterfall named

Thunder Smoke is challenging the supremacy of Niagara, the pride of the Caucasian race. Modern industry may have to slip over into Africa and tie a few power wheels to the monster to humble its proud spirit.

A doctor fixed up a boy with tools from his automobile kit when the surgical instruments failed. There is a useful hint! Merciful automobilists who run over people will pause to repair them instead of hiding their numbers and fleeing.

Action expelling a baseball team from the high-school league for plain and unadorned swearing can meet only with approval. With the tropical luxuriance of the baseball lingo and with the latitude which inventors and artists are allowed in chipping in here and chipping out there in order that the finer shades of feeling may be accurately expressed, they are sorry dubs, indeed, who must revert to the sustaining and soothing discourse of the river pilot and the dock wallop in order to express their feelings when the umpire at one fell swoop violates the rules of the game, the fire ordinances, and the Constitution of the United States. On such occasions genius rises to heights sublime, while those who do not belong revert to alley slang.

It is indeed time—high time, not high old time—for the automobile to be taken aside where a hoarse voice may whisper to it through a megaphone that the human race is neither a cinder-paved highway nor a half-mile track.

How like a gleam of common sense in the befogging gloom of technicalities and legal subterfuges stands out the learned judicial opinion that bribery is a crime!

An English expert, after reviewing the situation, comes to the conclusion that English humor is at its best when it deals with the pathetic. If, in other words, it makes you weep, it is good.

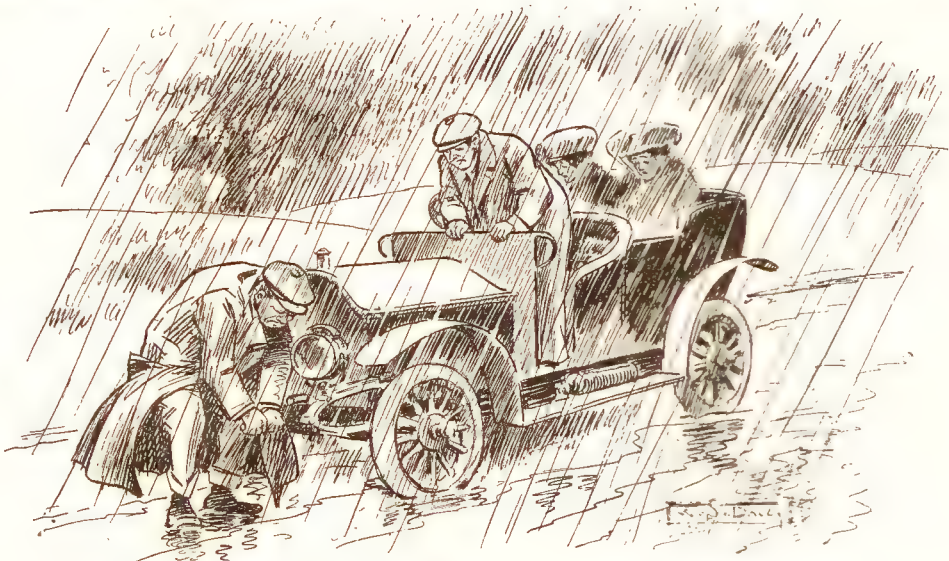
Yesterday morning the flower of the Nicaraguan army advanced on Bluefields, with the ill-concealed purpose of capturing the place; but the revolution, being present and happening to notice what was doing, said "Boo!" and the attacking forces faded with much confusion. On learning of the incident the government was greatly annoyed. Life is not all sunshine and roses in a revolution-ridden country.

Manipulators and milkers of the fraternal insurance companies knew a good thing when it was diagramed to them. They were not obliged to die in order to beat the game.

Never before, exclaims joyfully the Senate Committee on the Cost of Living, were the people so prosperous. What deduction would it be meet and proper and constitutional



"STUNG."



SQUEEZED.

Just because this man bought a lemon doesn't mean that every shower makes lemonade.

to draw from such a statement as that? Instead of entreating, imploring, and threatening to shoot if he didn't come down in his prices, we should assume a humble air and send a committee to pour into the willing ear of the grocer a request for further advances.

Zeppelin's motto: If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly again.

### Knicker - Bockers.

By McLANDBURGH WILSON  
(New York Sun)

Mrs. Knicker—"Would you adorn yourself with anything torn from a living creature?"  
Mrs. Bocker—"Certainly; that's the only way George ever gives up a cent."

Knicker—"Don't you find subway travel tiresome?"

Uncle Rube—"Yep; them 'Use All Doors' signs keep a feller pretty busy hopping in and out."

Knicker—"What is that infernal racket?"

Johnny—"I'm playing I'm a train and I think you had better play you have missed me."

Knicker—"The price of everything has gone up."

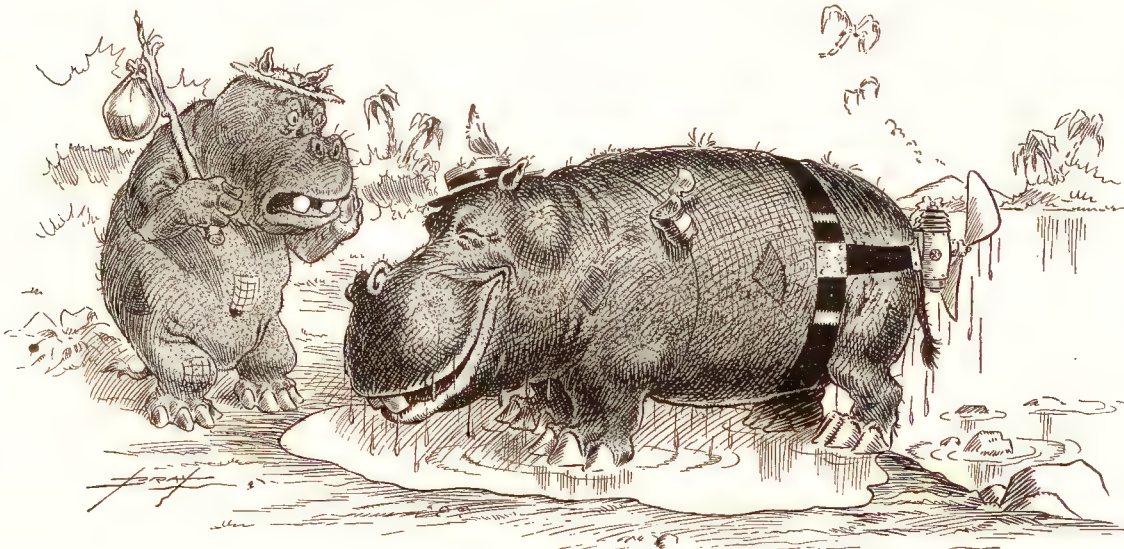
Bocker—"Yes; we don't get as big a hole in a doughnut."

Knicker—"Part of Central Park is to be cut up for children's playgrounds."

Bocker—"Why not have a poker lawn and a bridge lawn for adults?"

Knicker—"How does Jones persuade his customers his eggs are fresh?"

Bocker—"Sells a phonograph record of the cackle."



UP-TO-DATE.

First Weary Willie—"Sufferin' snakes! wot have you got tied onto your southern extremity?"

Second Weary Willie—"Dat 's a ten-horse-power gasoline motor. You don't catch yours truly wastin' his energy swimmin' around in dese days of modern inventions!"

## JUDGE

### A Neglected Possibility.

By WILBUR D. NESBIT.  
(Chicago Evening Post.)

"LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."  
You'll hear of the light in the tall church  
spire  
Which served as a sudden signal fire,  
And then of the ride, and the break-neck  
speed  
Of the galloping, galloping, galloping steed.  
And Paul Revere—you may read his name  
On the tablets filled with the lists of fame,  
You may read his praise in the measured ode;  
But what of the gallant horse he rode?

Ah, was it a fiery, prancing colt  
That champed the bit and desired to bolt?  
Was it a blooded two-year-old  
That could run all day and was hard to hold?  
Or was it a worn-out livery plug,  
With a pelt resembling an ancient rug,  
And a fly-brush tail and a scanty mane  
And ears that would hear your "Get up!"  
in vain?  
But what had happened if Paul had walked?  
Or what if the horse had stopped and balked?

There's praise for man and there's praise  
for deed,  
But never a cheer for the faithful steed.  
But what if Revere on that fateful night  
Had used an auto to make his flight?  
What if, through country and little town,  
Across the valleys, up hill and down,  
Revere had whirled in a big machine  
And shouted warnings in accents keen?  
What if he had gone with a honk and chug,  
Instead of astride that faithful plug?

Why, then, my children, the world to-day  
Had known the auto that found the way,  
Had known its size and its weight and make,  
And cost of tires and of extra brake—  
And possibly by the present year  
No one would remember Paul Revere,  
But would mention him as the chauffeur bold  
Who ran the auto that bumped and rolled  
From town to village, on through the night,  
And roused the people to go and fight.  
However, Paul got the praising ode—  
But what of the gallant horse he rode?



### NOT THE WAY IT LOOKED.

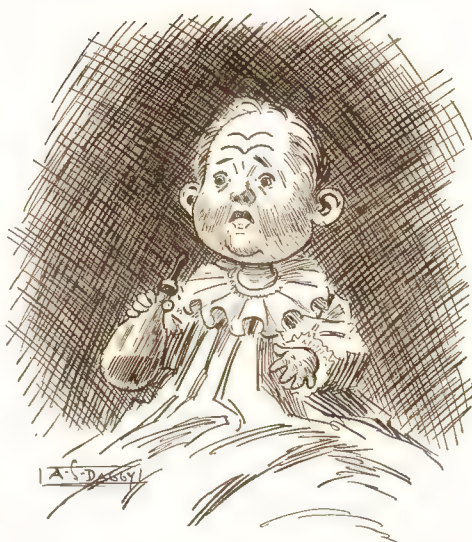
Lover—"Naw, I ain't crazy. I'm goin' to propose to a goil to-day, an' dis is a rehearsal."

### Jealousy.

By CY WARMAN.  
(Secretary American Press  
Humorists' Association.)

A BRINDLE pup in a prairie town  
Saw a greyhound gliding past,  
And he said to the other dogs around,  
"You think that greyhound's fast.  
Leave it to me," as the trail he hit,  
"That hound can't go a little bit."

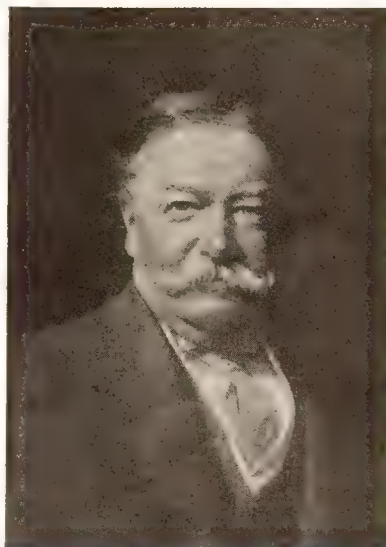
The brindle pup in the prairie town  
Dug deep in the prairie trail,  
But miles behind the hunting hound,  
And he failed, as a cur must fail;  
And then, with a biting, snapping snarl,  
The pup went back to the garbage barrel.



SHOWING THE WORLD A FEW NEW  
WRINKLES.

### President Taft on Humor.

THE American press humorists can be engaged in no better vocations than making people laugh. Humor is like the buffer between two heavy railroad coaches—it relieves the jolts of life, it is a shock absorber, it makes the journey through the years easier, and brightens the pathway all along the route. We Americans could not get



Copyright, 1900, by George Burroughs Torrey.

### PRESIDENT TAFT.

along without humor. Rudyard Kipling has written a poem, called "An American," in which "American spirit" speaks. This poem well illustrates what the saving grace of humor means to America. I can remember only scraps of it:

"But through the shift of mood and mood,  
Mine ancient humor saves him whole—  
The Cynic devil in his blood  
That bids him mock his hurrying soul.

Lo! imperturbable he (the American) rules,  
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—  
And, in the teeth of all the schools,  
I—I (humor) shall save him at the last."

I hope the American Press Humorists' convention will be a success from every standpoint. They are doing a great work.

### Foolish Question.

By LEONARD H. ROBBINS.  
(Newark News.)

TELL ME, ye heated winds  
That round my pathway whistle,  
Know ye a summer inn  
Where mortals do not sizzle?

### "Shooting Stars."

By PHILANDER JOHNSON.  
(Washington Star.)

### WIFELY SOLICITUDE.

"WHERE'S Rip?" inquired the village  
crony.

"He's either shaking hands with the bunch at the tavern or out on a hunting trip," replied Mrs. Van Winkle, in accents of great bitterness.

"You resent his being away from home?"

"Not exactly that; but his habits are those of a man who is preparing to mix into New York politics."

### IDENTIFIED.

"Who is that man who complains so much about the cost of living?"

"I don't know his name; but he's the one who said he was bound to see the prize-fight if it cost him a month's salary."

### ZOOLOGY.

Although the elephant seems fair  
As a political device,  
My preference is the polar bear  
Who sits upon a cake of ice.

### ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

"Why was the engagement broken?"

"Because of a misunderstanding," replied Miss Cayenne. "Each considered the other lacking in etiquette. They subscribed to different publications, and weren't reading the same 'Hints on How To Behave in Society.'"

### A SARDONIC MOTORIST.

"Where's your automobile?"

"Traded it off," replied Mr. Chuggins.

"What for?"

"One of these street pianos. When I stand in front of it and turn the crank for fifteen or twenty minutes, I'll at least have the satisfaction of hearing a tune."

### WINTRY REMINISCENCE.

The temperature moves up a peg,  
Yet this relief is sweet;  
We do not have to humbly beg  
Our janitor for heat.



### THE MAKING OF A MAN.

Travel is said to bring out what's in him.

# Sketches.

By T. A. DALY.  
(Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.)

## STARVED.

Ascum—"I saw your wife at the dance last night. She certainly did look magnificent. By the way, old man, you're rather thin, aren't you?"

Muttley—"I guess I am. You see, we went to housekeeping recently and I arranged with my wife to give her a certain allowance each week to provide for the table and buy clothes for herself."

## THE SARCASTIC VICTIM.

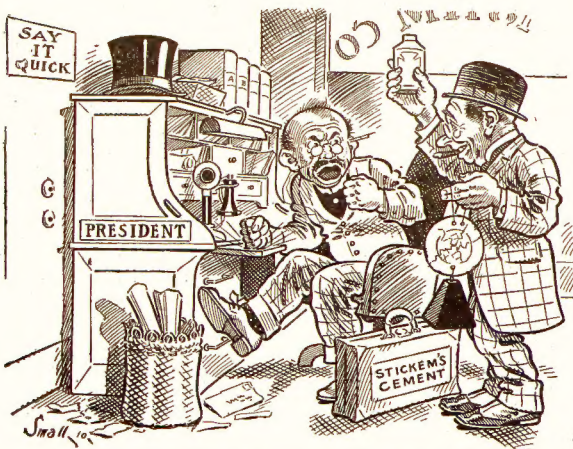
Barber—"Your hair is coming out on top, sir."

Crank—"Good! I knew it was in me! Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again!"

## THEN WE'D HEAR THINGS.

"It's in the world of politics," said the talkative man, "that the truth of the old saying, 'Money talks,' is most frequently proven."

"Yes," replied the wise citizen; "but if hush money would only talk, what sensations we would have!"



"THE OFFICIAL BORED."

## SHOT OUT.

Rev. Mr. Waters—"Look at Bill Burley, for instance. It was the Demon Rum that made him the one-eyed, low-browed sot that he is to-day."

Cactus Charley—"Not altogether, parson. It mebbe made him a low-browed sot, but it was me that made him one-eyed."

## ODD.

"Eliza!" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What ails him, anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his patient wife. "I'm singing one of your lullabies to the little darling."

# The Yawp and the Yawpist.



W. J. LAMPTON.  
The Yawpist.

WHILE the yawp is not the property of W. J. Lampton, he has worked the field so long and so variously that others, quite as able, no doubt, have kept out of it and he has it pretty much to himself. The first of these peculiar verses was written for the

Washington Critic, but they came into general notice through the New York Sun during the editorship of the late C. A. Dana, and since that time they have appeared in numerous sources of publication, even the magazines at rare intervals admitting them to their pages, though, it must be believed, with many qualms of conservative conscience. At present JUDGE uses an occasional one, and the World, Times, and Tribune, of New York, publish them at intervals.

However good or however bad they are, they seem to convey an idea as no other means will, and they have that sort of popularity which gives them a

place in men's pocket-books, to be taken out and read on occasions when somebody wants to present a point in the way he wants it presented. This is the best evidence that they are not poetry, because, if they were, few are the men who would preserve them as pocketpieces.

Incidentally it may be stated, on the authority of the author and also of Mr. Noah Webster and a few other authorities of credence, that Y-A-W-P spells Yawp, and not Yap, as the majority of intelligent readers insist upon pronouncing it.

The following is a good sample of Mr. Lampton's yawp:

## THE PERFECTION OF WOMANHOOD.

(The Sphinx is a stone suffragette representing the perfection of womanhood.—A Suffragette.)

Upon the silent sands  
She stands,  
And for some thousand years has stood,  
The sign of perfect womanhood.  
A suffragette?  
Not yet!  
For thus far she has never tried  
To swat man's pride,  
Nor by her frenzied deeds  
Upset his creeds,  
Nor ever cast a vote,  
Nor put on pants,  
Nor had the whiskers grow  
On that severe expanse  
Of face she shows  
To every man who goes  
Her way.  
And, say,  
In all the years and years and years  
Of history, of hopes and fears—  
Oh, ladies! bow in silence all—  
The Sphinx has never talked at all,  
The Sphinx has never talked at all,  
The Sphinx has never talked at all,  
The Sphinx has never talked at all!  
Ay, there she stands  
Upon the silent sands,  
And for some thousand years has stood,  
The sign of perfect womanhood!  
Wow!

## THEY NEVER PROGRESS.

By W. R. ROSE.  
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

There is one objection to the insurgents calling themselves progressives. It has such a suggestion of those Central American revolutionists.

# JUDGE'S CARICATURE STUDIES.

JOHN D. WELLS,  
of the Buffalo News.

President American Press Humorists' Association.



The Photograph.



The Caricature.

## "From Grave to Gay."

By JOHN D. WELLS.  
(Buffalo News.)

### THE AVERAGE SUMMER RESORT.

A SANDY beach by a dream lake,  
Where hearts are frail;  
A birch affair that is built for two;  
A sheen of romance so wide and blue,  
With whispering ripples all around,  
And every spot is a fishing ground;  
And on the banks, by the shore's blue line,  
Is Cupid's shack, with his business sign:

### BAIT FOR SALE.

### A CERTAIN OLD WANDERER.

A stranger, wan and thin and old,  
Whose lips were fairly blue with cold—  
A wanderer from adoption—  
Once paused beside the path that led  
Around the town, and meekly said,  
"Is this place local option?"

"It is," I said, affecting some;  
"I'm glad to say the Demon Rum  
He seldom doth attack us."  
In tears he turned! And on a tag  
That marked his rusty traveling bag,  
I saw the name of "BACCHUS."

### PASSING OF THE HORSE.

Of all the horses ever foaled  
Our Pegasus can be most merry;  
For other horses' fate is tolled,  
But Peggie is secure—very!  
'Tis Peg can slap his spavined limb—  
He knows his finish isn't sought—  
oh!  
The poet won't abandon him,  
For poets cannot buy an auto.

### EXPRESSION.

The "linotype" who set this line  
Has always been a friend of mine;  
He's quite an optimistic man—  
A member of the Cheer-up Clan.  
At all my jokes and puns, I wis,  
He's kind enough to smile like this:  
(~)

The man who set this second verse  
'S an awful grouch and getting worse—  
He never gets my stuff to set  
But what he knocks me hard, you bet!  
He says I'm "deadly humorous"  
And frowns on all my copy thus:  
(~)

### THE THREE FAVORS.

There's three things in life 'at I've  
allus said  
There's nuthin' on airth that kin  
beat 'em—  
The two first are slices of home-made  
bread,  
An' the third is the stummick t' eat  
'em!

### THE CHIRRUP BARD.

He wrote a chirrup pome—a ringing  
song—  
With this refrain, "Now, brother,  
don't you worry!"  
Then scanned his lines, correcting what  
was wrong,  
And mailed it to McFlure's in a  
hurry.

From that time on he worried all the  
while;  
He worried 'bout how long the firm  
would hold it—  
He worried 'bout its meter and its  
style—  
And worried 'bout the thing until  
he sold it!

### WISE WORDS.

#### A PHYSICIAN ON FOOD.

A physician out in Oregon has views  
about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty  
of the physician does not cease with  
treating the sick, but that we owe it to  
humanity to teach them how to protect  
their health, especially by hygienic and  
dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty,  
I take great pleasure in saying to the  
public that in my own experience and  
also from personal observation I have  
found no food to equal Grape-Nuts, and  
that I find there is almost no limit to  
the great benefit this food will bring  
when used in all cases of sickness and  
convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical  
condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts.  
To persons in health there is nothing so  
nourishing and acceptable to the stom-  
ach, especially at breakfast to start the  
machinery of the human system on the  
day's work. In cases of indigestion I  
know that a complete breakfast can be  
made of Grape-Nuts and cream, and I  
think it is necessary not to overload the  
stomach at the morning meal. I also  
know the great value of Grape-Nuts  
when the stomach is too weak to digest  
other food.

"This is written after an experience  
of more than 20 years treating all man-  
ner of chronic and acute diseases, and  
the letter is written voluntarily on my  
part, without any request for it."

Read the little book, "The Road to  
Wellville," in packages. "There's a  
Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A  
new one appears from time to  
time. They are genuine, true,  
and full of human interest.

For PRICKLY HEAT  
Chafing, Sunburn, etc.

—USE—

PACKER'S  
TAR SOAP

### Directions for local treatment:

To promptly relieve itching and smart-  
ing, cleanse thoroughly with Packer's  
Tar Soap, then apply a lather and pat  
dry with a towel, repeating as often as  
desired. This not only removes acrid  
secretions, but soothes the sensitive  
nerve endings in the skin and gives im-  
mediate relief.

—The Packer Mfg. Co., New York—



**HIGH LIFE**  
THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLED **BEER**  
BREWED BY MILLER AT MILWAUKEE

### Judge

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## Eleven Miles of Happiness



is what our **Thirty Thousand Fresh-Air Guests** would make, yearly, if in line like these tenement mothers at Sea Breeze. They have suffered from lack of proper food and clothing, from dark, crowded rooms, from overwork, sickness and bereavement. Sea Breeze cured **Smiling Joe** of tuberculosis.

### How Many May We Send as Your Guests?

- \$ 2.50 will give a whole week of new life and cheer to a worn out mother, an underfed working girl, a convalescing patient, or an aged toiler.
- 5.00 gives a teething baby and its "little mother" of ten a cool, healthful week.
- 10.00 gives four run-down school children a fresh start for next year.
- 25.00 names a bed for the season.
- 50.00 names a room.
- 100.00 gives a happy excursion to 400 mothers and children—their only outing.

Will you have a Lawn Party or a Children's Fair to help us? Write for literature. Please send your gift to

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the CONDITION of the POOR

R. Fulton Cutting, President



A Few of the Afflicted.  
"He was afflicted with the magic of words."—Kipling.)  
By CY WARMAN.



CY WARMAN,  
Secretary of the American  
Press Humorists'  
Association.

TOM DALY, with his Dago dope, Supplies a Daly need; "Arroyo" Chapman throws the rope, And Yonson is "The Swede." Joe Cone, the brilliant Bostonese, Writes oodles of "Jocosities."

Sam Kiser, holding Nora's hand, Sighs, leaning near, "My Queen, Would I were Pierpont Morgan, and That you were Hetty Green!" While Wilbur Nesbit sits and sings Of stars, soubrettes, and other things.

The Roses, down in Cleveland town, Philosophize in Dutch; And Schaefer and Ted Robinson, They both do very much As others do who write with ease— Do just about as they durn'd please.

Young Edmund Cooke, who early thrived, In spite of cramping youth, Observes, "But two men have arrived—

The other one was Booth." Whereat his namesake, Eddie Guest, Lets a low laugh blow from his chest.

J. Mortimer Lewis, he Who lures the weekly ghost, Exudes a daily jeu d'esprit Down on the Houston Post; While Douglas Malloch, with his axe, Carves poems for the lumberjacks.

The Yonkers Statesman, Oliver, Bill Lampton, of the World, Do mental flip-flaps, so much per. John Kendrick Bangs, feet curled Beneath him, gazing at the sun, Paws poems from a Remington.

McLandburgh Wilson, gentle soul! Sifts sunshine in the Sun, Wherein 'Gene Field was first revealed (At least one other one). My hat to her—beg pardon!—him (?) Likewise to Lee, of JUDGE, and Zim.

Newt. Newkirk, of the Boston Post (Ike Walton's shade is here); And John D. Wells, who was our host At Buffalo last year, He's a president, comment sapri! There's money in that name, John D.!

Batt. Loomis, king of humorists, 'Throned 'neath the Jersey skies— Well, when he laughs he's funniest, But funny when he cries. From some rare souls rare humor flows, As otters ooze otter of rose.

Frank Adams, of the New York Mail, Our own Frank Gadsby, too, Are in the push and on the trail; George Fitch is coming through, But Gillilan is on again With Flanagan and gone again.

Every lover of a good cocktail should call for Abbott's Bitters. Makes the best.

### To Pauline.

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.  
(The President's new cow, Pauline, is a gift from United States Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin. The Buffalo Courier.)

PAULINE, Pauline! Thou lacteal sprite, Which pours forth streams Of pure delight, To cheer the White House folk and rise To milky ways this side the skies! It matters little Whence you came, You seem to get there Just the same, And by your efforts contravene The cost of living, oh, Pauline!

## Club Cocktails

Taste right because mixed right—to measure, not by guess.

Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.



Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
Hartford New York London

## 1,000 Island House

Alexandria Bay  
Jefferson County New York

IN THE HEART OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

In the most enchanting spot in all America, where nature's charms are rarest, all the delights of modern civilization are added in the 1,000 Island House. No hotel of the Metropolis provides greater living facilities or such luxurious comfort—real home comfort—as does this palatial summer retreat. An amusement every hour, or quiet complete rest is the choice of every guest. All Drinking Water used in the house is filtered. Send two 2-cent stamps for Illustrated Booklet.

O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor  
E. S. CLARK Manager HARRY PEARSON Chief Clerk

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Prizes for patents. Book on patents. "Hints to inventors." "Inventions needed." "Why some inventors fail." All sent free. Special list of possible buyers to our clients. Send rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records. Local representatives in 500 cities and towns. Our Mr. Greeley was formerly Acting Commissioner of Patents and as such had full charge of the U. S. Patent Office. GREELEY & McINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

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## VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.  
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Use the Great English Remedy  
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Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
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B. F. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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## Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Before the feast,  
after the feast,  
always . . .  
*Cork Tips or Plain*

### "Transcripts."

By GEORGE FITCH.  
(Peoria Herald-Transcript.)

#### FAMOUS THOROUGHFARES.

##### STATE STREET IN CHICAGO.

STATE STREET is Chicago's greatest thoroughfare. Its real name is Frenzied State Street, but they call it State Street for short. It is a double-track mob, divided in the middle by two rows of trolley cars, all ringing their bells. These bells, mingled with automobile toots, make State Street a little more unrestful than the ordinary theater panic.

State Street is to ordinary streets what a racing automobile is to an ice wagon. It is the speediest street in America. Every one is in a tearing hurry, because the faster they hurry the sooner they will be able to get off the street. Six miles an hour is the usual walking gait. Strangers on this street may be distinguished by the fact that their trousers—if they are that kind—are worn off at the heels. A native in Chicago doesn't go around a stranger. He walks over him.

State Street begins to get violent at the Chicago River and continues in eruption until the Union loop crosses it a mile to the south. After that it ceases to be a city street and becomes a sort of exaggerated back alley. The union loop does this to most Chicago streets. It isn't a loop at all, but a corset which is gradually squeezing the city to death. All the elevated trains in Chicago run around this celebrated contrivance and it is very badly congested. The passengers are not con-

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c a bottle.

gested, however. They are apoplectic. To ride on the loop, walk around a street crossing four times until you find an entrance. Then climb a flight of stairs, turn six corners, go back two corners, turn two more corners, pay your fare, discover that you are on the wrong platform, go back and pay another fare, turn three more corners, and there you are. Some of the citizens do it right three times out of four.

State Street is sixteen miles long and one-hundred feet wide. It is also three hundred feet high in one place. It beats the world in noise, department stores, crowds, hustle, signboards, weeds, and cornfields.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

#### BASEBALL SONNETS.

##### THE PITCHER.

Gripping the ball with grim and threatening air,  
The pitcher stands, defiant, in the sun,  
Red necked and streaked by rivulets which run  
Down through the soil just underneath his hair.

The trembling batter with his baleful glare

He hypnotizes, then with sudden, a! He seems to writhe from out his underwear

And playfully attempts to bite his heel.

Now with his toes his neck he seems to feel,

His ear he scratches with his southward knee.

A shiver shakes his frame from stem to keel,

And as with awe we watch him—hully gee!

We see a flash of arm and scarlet hose,

And o'er the pan another big strike goes!

##### THE CATCHER.

Knobby and squat, with legs that spread apart

Like two oak barrel staves, the catcher stands—

An honest soul, with huge and gnarly hands,

Whose fingers look like spokes in some old cart.

Nervy he is and likewise stout of heart.

Waiting, he crouches for the hurtling pill,

Hurled by the pitcher with a demon's art

To foil, deceive, upset—perhaps to kill.

'Tis not for him the gasping fans to thrill

By feats of daring and by nimble wit.

For him the battered thumb and, sadder still!

The swift projectile in his stomach's pit.

The man behind the gun has but a snap;

The man behind the bat's the nervy chap.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

## EVERY MAN

needs rest, recreation and relief from the worry and care of business in the good old Summer time, when a judicious use of

## HUNTER WHISKEY

in the FRAGRANT JULEP or the cool, sparkling HIGH-BALL will refresh, strengthen and restore.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

#### IN THE PERFECTLY PROPER WAY.

By S. E. KISER.

"I trust," said the new minister, "that you are bringing your children up in the way they should go."

"Oh, yes," replied the wife of the man who had just got one million dollars for an improved pig-scraper; "we've hired a teacher to give them dancin' lessons and quit sendin' them to public school."



#### WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

The groom (to his master, who is not in a position to kick)—"My lord, I should like to take this opportunity to inform you that I married your daughter last week."

—London Sketch.



#### RUSHED.

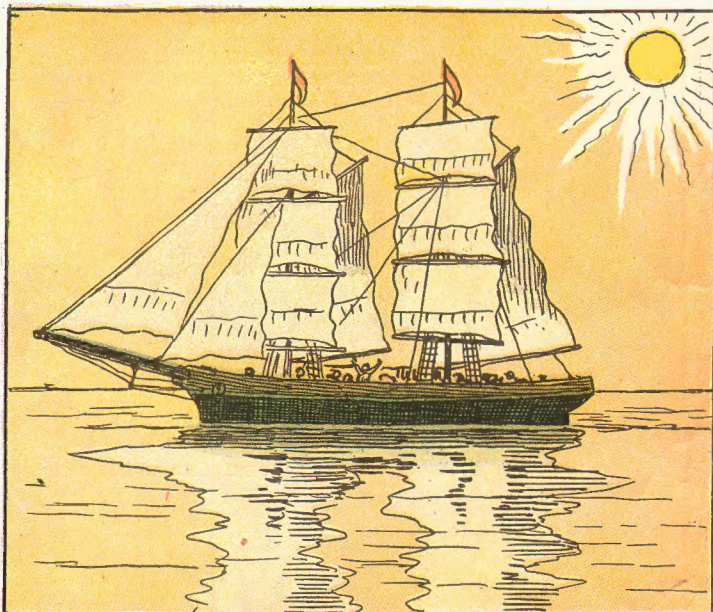
Friend—"Are you very busy these days?"

Artist—"Very busy. I am painting the portraits of my creditors."

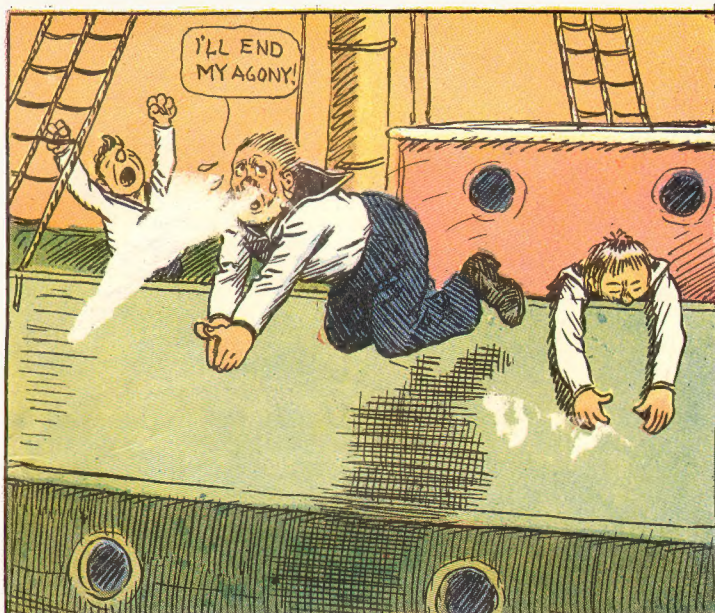
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# JUDGE

## THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.



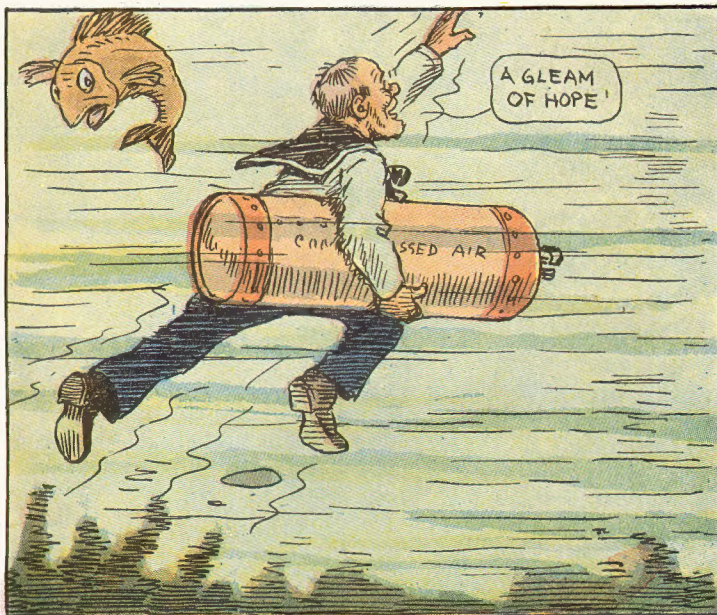
"Listen, and I'll tell yez as strange a tale as ever came from the high seas. We wuz a-crossin' the equator when we became becalmed, and fer weeks nary a breath stirred, and the sails flapped idly ag'in' the masts.—"



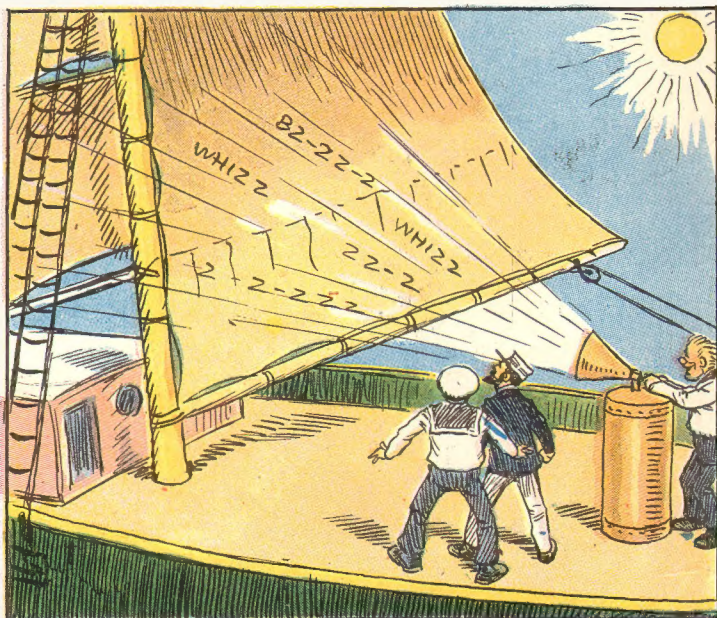
— Well, half the crew went crazy with the heat, and there wuz no relief in sight. Bimeby I couldn't stand it no longer, so I jumps overboard to end me agony.—



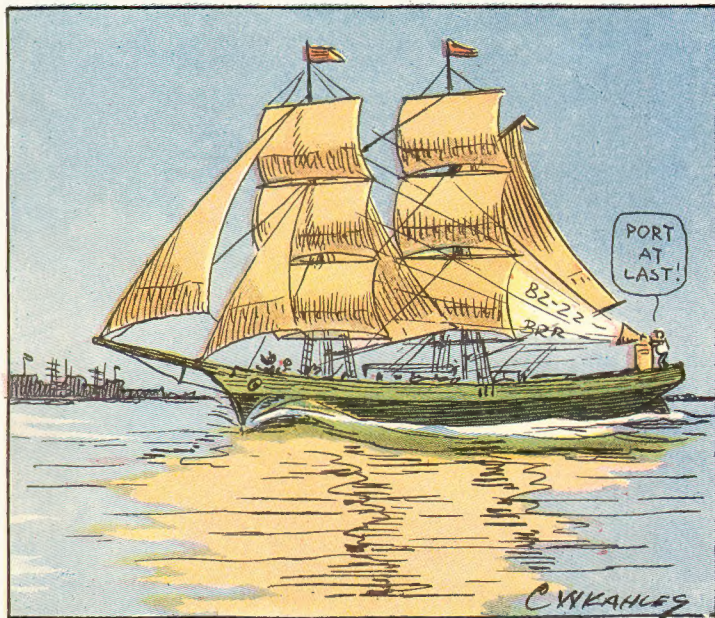
— Like a shot I goes to the bottom, and there I sees before me a tank full of compressed air! —



— Then suddenly I gits an idee! Like a madman I grabs that tank and makes fer the surface.—



— I places that tank in the stern and fixes a funnel to the valve and lets 'er rip. Yessir, a blast of air shot inter them sails that made every mast and spar creak! —



— Well, we scudded through the briny at a twenty-five-knot clip, and purty soon we reaches port safe and sound, jist as the air in the tank gave out!"